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THE

BRITISH MICHAEL,

AN

Epiſtolary Poem.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Marchant; and Sold by M. Cooper, at the Globe, in Pater-Noſter Row, and at Cox's Coffee Houſe, in Cecil Street, Covent-Garden. MDCCXL.

THE

BRITISH MICHAEL.

AN

Epistolary Poem.

TO

J. H. R.

Esq.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

THE
BRITISH MICHAEL,
AN
Epiſtolary Poem,
TO
A Friend in the Country.

By *RICH. BUTLER*, A.M.

K

---------- *Diram quì contudit Hydram,*
Notaq; fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit invidiam ſupremo fine domari.
Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas; extinctus amabitur idem.
Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. 1.

O utinam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus &, quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!
Virg. Ecl. 4.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Matthews*; and Sold by *William Lewis* at the *Dolphin*, next *Tom*'s Coffee-Houſe in *Ruſſel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*. MDCCX.

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To His GRACE,

JOHN, DUKE of *Montague*;

To the Right Honourable,

SCROOP, Earl of *Bridgewater*;

To the Right Honourable,

CHARLES, Earl of *Sunderland*;

AND

To the Right Honourable,

FRANCIS, Lord Viſcount *Rialton*.

My LORDS,

THERE is no *Art* can boaſt ſo Noble and Divine an *Origin*, as *Poetry*; for it was a part of *their* Religious Worſhip, who invented it. When the People were aſſembled at their Autumnal Feaſts, to Sacrifice and return Thanks to the *Gods* for their Plenty; the *Prieſts*, finding their Inclinations to, and well-knowing the *Power* of, Harmony and Numbers, Compos'd, for the Uſe of thoſe Solemnities, certain *Songs* of Praiſe and Thankſgiving, in which they likewiſe interſpers'd many uſeful Precepts of Morality.

But it was not long, before this Art fell from its *Original* Deſign and Inſtitution. For Time, Ambition, and the Encreaſe of Human Power, taught the *Prieſts*, when they would Welcome the Preſervers

ſervers of their Country, or Celebrate the Actions of mighty *Hero's*, to invade this *Art*, which had hitherto been kept Sacred to their Worſhip; ſo from praiſing the *Gods*, they deſcended one Step lower, and, *in Verſe*, Sung the Praiſes of ſuch *God-like* Men, whoſe reſplendent Virtues, made them appear but one Remove from *Deities Themſelves*.

It was this laſt Uſe of *Poetry*, which led the *Laity* to practiſe it in common with the *Prieſts*, who had before invented and engroſs'd it. And altho' moſt of the later *Poets* have been *Laymen*; the *Prieſts* in the mean Time bending their Applications to the weightier Duties of their Office; yet does *their Diſcontinuance* of the Practiſe, no way leſſen their *Pretenſion* to the Art, or hinder them from reaſſuming their neglected Title, to a *Science* they invented.

I have troubled your LORDSHIPS with theſe Obſervations, only to aſſert the Privilege I claim (as a *Divine*,) to write in Verſe in *general*; and I need not ſure ſay any thing to juſtifie the Choice of my *particular* Subject, ſince I attempt the Praiſe of a more Glorious HERO than thoſe antient Times were ever bleſs'd with; and conſequently am purſuing the *Second* mighty End of Poetry, which may now be reck'ned the *Firſt*, ſince a *Poetic* Compoſition is no longer requir'd to expreſs our Devotion.

But I am very ſenſible, how far I have been from doing Juſtice to my Great Subject; and the only Pleas, I can pretend to, as an Excuſe, for Publiſhing a Piece, whoſe Defects are viſible to my own Judgment, are the frequent Solicitations of my *Friend*, for whoſe private Uſe it was *Solely* deſign'd; and the Information I have receiv'd, that ſeveral Copies in *Manuſcript*, having been handed about, 'tis highly probable, it might have been Printed without my Knowledge, with the common Incorrectneſs of Printed Sheets, not inſpected by the Author. It wou'd therefore have been unpardonable, when I knew the Eſſay far leſs *perfect* than it *ſhou'd* have been, had I permitted it to appear leſs *tolerable* than *now* it is.

I was

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

I was once of Opinion, that the ſame Zeal and Veneration which led me to attempt His GRACE's Praiſe, ought to have offer'd the Performance to His Patronage. But when I recollected, that His *Modeſty* was as *Exemplary* as his *Courage*, and that He takes a greater Pleaſure in *deſerving* the Worlds Applauſes, than in *receiving* them, I found it neceſſary, to ſeek the Protection of ſome other Patron, but yet reſolv'd to come as near His GRACE's Perſon, as I cou'd.

When I had form'd this Reſolution, I found it impoſſible to preſerve it, without making Choice of ſome of Your LORDSHIP'S; and I could not fix on any One in particular, without a manifeſt Breach, of the Reſpect due to the Merits of his Three *Illuſtrious* BROTHERS.

But I fear it will be thought the higheſt Preſumption, to Addreſs ſo many Noble Perſons, when the being Grac'd with either of Your LORDSHIPS Names, had been infinitely too Great and Unmerited an Honour. But Your LORDSHIPS will be pleas'd to remember, That the weakeſt Performances, muſt always need the ſtrongeſt Protection, which the concurring World, can never fail to place in Your LORDSHIPS Patronage. For ſince the *Auguſt* Name of either of You *ſingly*, muſt be allow'd as Great an Aſſurance of *Succeſs*, as any Book can come abroad with; how *ſecure* muſt his Fame be, who is ſhelter'd under the Influence of ſo *Glorious a Conjunction?*

And now, *My* LORDS, ſince 'tis evident You *can*, I preſume to hope, You *will* Protect me from the Malice of the World; ſince Your LORDSHIPS are the moſt proper Perſons to be applied to, on this Occaſion: For how Unreaſonable and Unjuſt wou'd it be in me, to obtrude a Preſent of this Nature, on any other Perſon, when it may be preſum'd that Your LORDSHIPS are not only *willing* to receive it, but may indeed *Challenge* it as your Due, from the equal Happineſs You ſhare, in Your ſo near Relation to His GRACE's BLOOD, by the Poſſeſſion of Four LADIES, as unequal'd at *Home*, for their Beauties and Acompliſhments, as the Glorious HERO,

Their

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Their *Father*, is *Abroad* for His Bravery, Conduct, and all other finiſh'd Excellencies.

The World may perhaps expect, I ſhou'd here ſay ſomething of your LORDSHIPS Noble *Families* and numerous *Virtues*, but will undoubtedly forgive me the Omiſſion, when it is conſider'd, That the juſt Praiſe of any *one* of Your LORDSHIP'S, wou'd be a Task of ſo much Length and Difficulty, that the *Shining Character* of all *united*, would be a Labour unequal to the Skill of the moſt *accompliſh'd* Orator; then how much more to the Pen of,

My LORDS,

Your LORDSHIP's

Moſt Obedient,

moſt Humble,

and moſt Devoted Servant,

RICH. BUTLER.

THE BRITISH MICHAEL.

TO You, dear *Damon*, long my faithful Friend,
From Scenes of *Noiſe*, to *ſilent* Shades I ſend;
The Edge of Abſence has no Pow'r to wound,
Where Knots of Love, by mutual Ties are bound.

While *Int'reſt* does o'er *Honeſty* prevail,
While Truth and Friendſhip *here* are ſet to Sale;
While Great Mens Vices warp a Writer's Will,
And factious Cenſure changes Good to Ill;
While ſome reach Honour by the Loſs of Fame,
And *balmy* Profit skins the Wound of Shame;
Still has my Muſe lain *honeſtly* obſcure,
Bold without *Proof*, without *Preferment* Pure.

But having, now, had Time to view the *Great*,
And mark the pompous Pageantries of *State*;
While unconcern'd, like ſome calm Swain, I ſtand,
Who ſpies a Storm from the unruffled Strand;

With ſtrange Surprize, ſucceſſive Ills I ſee,
Pleas'd, that thoſe diſtant Dangers reach not me;
I call to mind a Promiſe, long ſince made,
As we diſcours'd beneath your *Elmy* Shade,
That when, by Fortune, to *Auguſta* brought,
A Wiſh, which then, you know, firſt fir'd my Thought,
I would, with *Curious* and *Impartial* View,
The Glorious Track of CHURCHILL's Life purſue;
And, when I ſhou'd, *by Obſervation*, know,
Whence the vaſt Oceans of his Honours flow,
I would *Sincerely* to your Ear relate,
What Means, I thought, *conſpir'd* to make him Great.

But here, my Friend, I need not ſure excuſe
This *leſs-grave* way of Writing, which I uſe,
Since you're no Stranger to my humble Muſe;
You often urg'd my weak Attempts this Way,
And all that *You* command, *I* muſt obey.
Beſides, you know the Frailty of Mankind
To Truths, unpoliſht, makes their Reaſon blind;
While thoſe, adorn'd with *Verſe*, the Fancy pleaſe,
And, by their Tuneful Force, convince with Eaſe.
When Folly thus makes the *ſick Child* refuſe
The wholſome Druggs, *Phyſicians* bid him uſe,

Prudence

Prudence aſſiſts their inſufficient Skill,
And teaches 'em to gild the Nauſeous *Pill*;
The *Sight* thus pleas'd, the Child its *Taſte* endures,
And the bright Bait at once *deceives*, and *cures*.

Obſerve me, *Damon*, and believe me too,
Friendſhip forbids me to impoſe on you;
When *Truth* and *Profit* point a diff'rent way,
Ambition oft leads *Honeſty* aſtray,
But I've no Golden Aim, to biaſs Me,
For what alas! can I expect from Thee?
Equal our *Fortune* is, equal our *Care*,
Alike our *Int'reſt*, and *Experience* are;
The Sacred Dreſs I wear forbids a Lye,
Nor view I Grandeur with a partial Eye;
I court no *Faction*, for I ſeek no *Fame*,
Nor covet *Honour*, as I fear not *Shame*;
Content is Treaſure, I'm of that poſſeſs'd,
And, owning *Little*, with that *Little*, bleſs'd.

Would you judge *rightly*, let not *Vogue* prevail,
For Cenſure oft makes *light* the *heavieſt* Scale;
Detractions frequently from Envy riſe,
Whence Thoſe, who fail to imitate, deſpiſe;

So Birds of Darkneſs only fly by *Night*,
Becauſe too feeble-Ey'd to face the *Light*.

Remove all *Prejudice*, nor Reaſon blind,
By an encourag'd *Cataract* of the Mind;
For *partial* Judges nothing clearly ſpy,
But hold a falſe Perſpective to their Eye,
Whoſe *narrow* End contracts *good* Actions ſtill,
While, with the *broad*, they magnifie the *ill*.

When, thus prepar'd, my Friend, you bend your Aim,
To ſeek the Darling of the World, and Fame,
Look up to *Glory's Throne*, and *there* read MARLBRO's *Name*.
Not MARLBRO, 'cauſe Succeſs attends *his* Hand,
Not MARLBRO, by Extent of *his* Command,
Not MARLBRO, 'cauſe in his bright Fate are ſeen,
The Smiles of *Britain*, and *Great Britains QUEEN*;
But MARLBRO, 'cauſe *true Worth* fir'd MARLBRO's Heart,
And *Fortune* ran in Debt to his *unpaid* Deſert.

The *Vulgar* World might here condemn my Lays,
And call that *Flatt'ry*, which comes ſhort of *Praiſe*;
So let 'em blame a Crime, I ſcorn to know,
For none ſtile *good* Men *ill*, but who *themſelves* are ſo.

When I with you, my Friend, was us'd to ſhare
The *Spicy* Pleaſures of our Country Air,
If, now and then, a *Poſt* arriv'd from far,
Rich, in the Splendid Wonders of the War,
Amaz'd, awhile, at MARLBRO's Deeds, I ſtood,
For tranſient Emulation fir'd my Blood;
But, as loud Thunderclaps, which ſhake the Sky,
Strike us with Dread, while o'er our Heads they fly,
Then, by Degrees, go fainter off, and dye;
So, my Surpize, at Diſtance, diſappear'd,
No more I *wonder'd*, for no more I *heard*:
But, nearer now, to War, and War's great Guide,
Surprize grows weaker, ev'ry Moment try'd;
Such hourly Glories his vaſt Labours bleſs,
That He's *moſt wonder'd at*, who *wonders* at Succeſs.

Oh! wou'd you ſhift awhile your *Sylvan* Scene,
And quit, for Seats of War, your peaceful Green!
Convincive *Proofs* of his Immortal Fame,
Wou'd *clear* your *Thoughts*, and *turn* your *Doubts* to *Shame*.

What Diſtance, *Damon*, then can Pardon gain,
If, knowing this, you obſtinate remain!

Ev'n *Greenland*, bearing nothing fair, but *Snow*,
Whose Icy Plains no useful Product know,
While the *Sun*'s Absence darkens all their Air,
Deny not *Day-light*, 'cause it *breaks not there*,
How comes it then, that *you* deny the Praise,
Due to your Country's *Sun*, yet feel his Rays?
Oft have you heard the Wonders, *He* has done,
And shar'd the Blessings, MARLBRO's Vict'ries won.

Who led our Armies on to Fortune's Call?
Who builds *Britannia*'s Peace, on *Gallia*'s Fall?
Who treads down Dangers, and gives Conquest Birth?
And slights all *Self-defence*, defending *Earth*?
Who, by Success, makes War's grim Face look Gay?
And, *fighting*, saves the State, for which you *pray*?
Is it not MARLBRO? Hark; Methinks the Ground
Echo's Consent to Heav'n; the Heav'ns rebound,
And *Thunder shakes* the *World*, to *spread* that *Truth* around!

Now, were I bred to sooth the Sins of Court,
Or make the Vices of the *Great* my Sport,
You might, with Reason, disbelieve my Song,
And fansie, pow'rful *Int'rest* brib'd my Tongue;
But I, you know, was bred on humble Plains,
And practis'd harmless Converse with the *Swains*;

No

No tow'ring Hopes my guiltleſs Reſt betray'd,
But, undiſturb'd, I ſlept in *Fortune's Shade*;
And, tho' I've lately breath'd *Auguſta's* Air,
The Hand of *Chance*, not *Choice*, diſpos'd me *there*;
Where, while o'er Seas of *Flattery* I ſail,
Heav'n bids my Native Innocence prevail;
Thence 'tis, I plead for *Juſtice*, not for *Might*,
Nor ever heard his *Voice*, of whoſe Great *Acts* I write.

Then liſten, *Damon*, to the Truths I ſpeak,
And Faith ſhall grow as *ſtrong*, as now 'tis *weak*;
Thou wilt believe, what wond'ring Nations ſee,
And owe Converſion to *his* Worth, and *me*;
For, thro' His Deeds, *th' Almighty's Fiats* ſhine,
As Miracles, of old, ſpoke *God's* great Sons Divine.

If Heavens peculiar Favours *Bleſſings* are,
And He's moſt bleſs'd, who moſt deſerves Heavens Care,
It muſt, by Reaſons Dictates, be confeſs'd,
MARLBRO's moſt *virtuous*, as He's own'd moſt *bleſs'd*;
If this be Truth, *that* Truth will *this* defend,
He muſt be *Foe* to *Heaven*, that is not MARLBRO's *Friend*.

If, on the contrary, you will maintain,
The Juſt reach *Bleſſings* thro' an Age of *Pain*;

That

That, whom Heaven Loves, He chaſtens with his Rod,
And Men, thro' Suff'rings, Travel up to GOD,
Look back, and *Britain*'s wondrous *Hero* trace
From the firſt ſtart of his ſtupendious Race;
See, how He ſtrugled with impetuous Fate,
See, what *Herculean* Labours made him Great,
How, when his Soul outſwel'd his Native Clay,
And, big with Heavenly Grandeur, burſt its Way,
The Mounting Spirit, wing'd with *in-born* Fire,
Met hourly Checks to damp his warm Deſire,
And ſtill advancing, ſtill bore greater Weight,
Till, ſtill more Loaded, as he grew more Great,
He ſtood, like *Atlas* ſtood, and bore the *leaning State.*
This ſome call Happineſs, but who can know
The Burdens, Vertuous Fav'rites undergo?
Their Bliſs looks double thro' their vaſt Controul,
But none can gueſs the Cares that preſs their Soul;
Thus, his Succeſsful Toils, ſtill finding End
In thoſe vaſt Glories, which his Aims attend,
Ev'n *that way*, if *that way* it muſt be prov'd,
Speak him by bounteous Heaven, *deſerv'dly* lov'd.

Since then we find him *Good*, as well as *Great*,
What Shade of Fault can *Envys-ſelf* create?

Blame

Blame you his *Perſon?* No; his Conqueſts prove,
His Soul was fram'd for *War*; his *Form* for *Love*;
His wondrous Fortunes, *either way*, explain
The myſtic Senſe of what old Poets feign,
The *Paphian* Queens Amour is now grown clear,
If ever *Mars* and *Venus* join'd, 'twas here.

Blame you his Minds Defects? Oh! for *His* ſake,
Wou'd Thou coud'ſt deviate into that Miſtake;
Then ſhou'd I only thy loſt Taſte bemoan,
And ſee thy groveling Cenſure creep alone,
For thoſe Thou guideſt *now*, wou'd ſlight thee *then*,
Hear, ſmile, and pity thee, the Fate of Frantic Men.

Yet is his Wit no Blaze of *Vulgar* Kind,
No tranſient Vapour of a heated Mind,
But ſuch, as carries *Ballaſt* with its Sail,
And can *condenſe* the Thoughts, his Sunny Flights *exhale*.
But Oh! I err, repeating Truths, ſo known,
That, while I praiſe *his* Senſe, I damn *my own*.

Cenſures like *theſe*, muſt *groundleſſly* preſume,
For Natures Graces ſmil'd upon his Bloom,
And, ſoon as Youths gay Courſe her Start began,
His Speed of Judgment reach'd the Goal of *Man*.

Mature in Age, ſoon Old in Fame He grew,
His *Deeds* like *Hannibal*'s, his *Means* more New;
He once cleav'd Rocks, *once* did it, and *no more*,
But *Britain*'s *Hero* all *his* Laurels tore
From *Trees* that *grew* on *Heights*, *unreach'd by Man before.*

Since therefore, *Damon*, no known Faults we find,
In his bright *Perſon*, or his brighter *Mind*;
Tell me, whence firſt thoſe envious Cenſures grew,
Which *conqu'ring* others, have but *ſtagger'd* You?
Reaſon, methinks, informs my ready Gueſs,
That Envy owes its Birth to juſt Succeſs;
And ſince our HERO few Succeſſes found,
Till Martial Toils his *Arms* with *Fortune* crown'd;
Let us look back on this Great Soul of War,
And judge, if Envy's Clouds can skreen ſo bright a Star.

Thou Sacred Muſe, who from the Heavenly Choir,
Didſt ſweetly tune the fam'd *Jeſſæan* Lyre,
And haſt, from Age to Age, with Nervous Lays,
Inſpir'd ſuch Bards, as ſung brave Warriors Praiſe;
Aſſiſt me, in the Glorious Truths I write,
So ſhall the *blazing Theme* make my *dark Fancy* bright.

Lo!

Lo! my rais'd Soul *ev'n now* has learn'd to fly,
And wings her Airy Passage thro' the Sky;
There over *Times wide Treasury* she soars,
And views her PRSENT, PAST, and FUTURE Stores;
See, see, yon spacious Field of smoakless Fire,
Where *Conquests*, *Justice*, and *Sublime Desire*,
In restless Motions, wheel their Trains around,
And drag down *Tyranny*, enslav'd, and bound:
See, the Mid-space contains a Spire of Flame,
On whose tall Point, stands written, *Present Fame*,
And *underneath, in Stars* shines MARLBRO's *Mighty Name.*

High plac'd, near that, a *Diamond Throne* there stands,
Fix'd, on a Rock of *Gold*, o'er *Silver* Sands;
Around whose Shores a Sea of *Crystal* plays,
That throws up Blessings sev'ral thousand Ways;
High on that glitt'ring Seat, enthron'd I see
Love, *Honour*, *Wisdom*, *Wealth*, and *Loyalty*.
And while I wonder at such Scenes of State,
Whole *Choirs* of *Angels* sing, See MARLBRO's *Future Fate*.

But ah! what horrid dusky Scene lies there,
Black as the dismal Mansions of *Despair*!

A Groan, like Death's, cries, Mark OBLIVION'S STORE,
Where Actions *past*, are laid to rise no more;
And now, methinks, the Voice of Heaven I hear,
Commanding all her Shades to disappear.

See, See, Nights sable Curtain slides away,
And opens distant Views of cloudless Day,
At once Ten thousand, thousand Prospects rise,
Painting, with Warlike Feuds, the Peaceful Skies,
Feints, Councils, Marches, Triumphs, and Retreats,
Contending Armies, and Engaging Fleets;
And while, with Pleasure, I these Wonders view,
See, *Damon*, where an Angel calls to you;
Dost thou not hear him say? Look up my Son,
And *here* read MARLBRO', in his Actions done;
Such Deeds as *these*, thy drowsy Soul shou'd raise,
And make a *Debt*, not a *Reward*, of Praise;
Come then, my *Damon* the Advice is good,
You'll not wrong Merit, when 'tis understood;
Look up with *me*, and learn such Worth to prize,
As, leaving *Earth* in Debt, mounts and adorns the *Skies*.

See, to the Left of yon Celestial Plain,
What Furies, Ruins, Deaths, and Horrors, reign;

How

How thence extended, dreadful Sights abound,
And Slaughter raging wide, beſtrides the Ground;
Thoſe Endleſs Views of Glory's *diſtant* Rays
Shew MARLBRO's mighty Deeds, in *former* Days;
But, as in Darkneſs, Men think Torches bright,
Which loſe their Luſtre at the Morning Light,
So, view the *nearer* Wonders of the Field,
And ſee thoſe Wonders *paſt*, to *mightier* Wonders yield.

See, where the waving *Lillies* ſhade the Air,
And ſtruggling *Eagles* ſinking *Empire* bear;
Encroaching Tyranny depreſſing Right,
And fainting Juſtice, yok'd by lawleſs Might:
See, fiery Deaths thro' ſmoaky Curtains ſhine,
And yielding *States*, defenſive War decline;
Till riſing Power, and Pride, oppos'd no more,
Break, with progreſſive Rage, the Force they fear'd before.

Now turn your Eye, and view yon ſhining Hoſt,
The well-tim'd Succour of a Foreign Coaſt;
See, with what wondrous Vigour they are led,
And Mark the graceful Hero at their Head;
'Tis MARLBRO', *Damon*, ſee where MARLBRO' comes,
With Sounding Trumpets, and Alarming Drums;

Britannia's Sons their dreadful Banners bear,
High thro' the Tempests of an hostile Air;
Mountains grow Mole-hills that oppose His Aim,
And Springs resorb their Rivers at his Name;
Till *Nature*'s Barrs, with Ease and Glory broke,
He cuts down War's whole *Art*, at one prodigious Stroke.

See how they meet, and, swift as Thought takes Wing,
With mutual Rage, to stormy Battle spring;
Dust, Sweat, and Blood, obscure each glowing Face,
And gath'ring Clouds of War eclipse the Place;
Freighted with Death, destructive Bullets fly,
And roaring Cannons shake the distant Sky;
Till *Hocksted*, anxious for the *Gallic* Fame,
Bids *Danube* drown her Host, to shrou'd her Shame;
Then bridled War obeys her frowning Lord,
And CÆSAR owes his Crown to MARLBRO's Sword.

Thus moves He timely, as Occasions press,
To curb the Proud, or bear the Wrong'd Redress;
When Courage calls him, swift to hasten Fight,
Or by sedate Advice, guide Marches right.
When *Israel*, thus from servile Bondage rose,
And ravish'd Freedom from *Egyptian* Foes,

Some Power, 'twixt *God* and *Angel*, went before,
And cleav'd obstructive Seas from Shore to Shore;
By *Day*, the Cloud to lead their destin'd Aim,
By *Night*, the fiery Guide and Pillar of their Fame.

Dazled with Glory, I but faintly View,
The Thousand other Wonders *Europe* knew;
Can *Rivers*, *Damon*, check the Hero's Aim?
Can rapid *Currents* drown his deathless Fame?
Turn but thine Eye one Moment yonder Way,
And read an Answer in that bloody Day.

See there a *Bulwark'd Town*, which proudly stands,
The Princely Mistress of Surrounding Lands;
'Tis *Audenarde*, once bound in *Gallic* Chains,
But now redeem'd, She rules the *Flandrian* Plains;
Near whose Fam'd Parts the *Dender*'s Current glides,
And gentle *Scheld* her flow'ry Meads divides;
There War dyes Purple ev'ry Ouzy Flood,
And Rivers ebb, and flow, with Tides of Blood.

Flush'd with a late Success, the haughty *Gaul*,
Whose in-born Pride cou'd fear no destin'd Fall,
Before that Place in dreadful Order lay,
And with unfolded Enfigns, fann'd the Day;

But,

But Oh! in vain they cool the Summers Air,
While MARLBRO's Troops vindictive Arms prepare,
For Winters Froſt wou'd ſweat his flaming War to bear.
Betwixt their adverſe Troops yon River ran,
Too deep for Horſe to paſs, too ſwift for Man;
The ſickly *Day* grows pale, and Ghoſts invite
The ling'ring Sables of approaching *Night*;
A thouſand other Barriers bid him ſtay,
But he, unus'd to Checks, ſcorns Danger, or Delay.

The ready *Briton's* hear their Guardian call,
And feel redoubled Heat inſpire them all;
Arm'd in the Stream they ſee grim *Death* appear,
But MARLBRO' preſent, *Death* creates no Fear;
Headed by him, o'er hiſſing Streams they fly,
And, with the Flames of War, boil Seas and Rivers dry.

See, See, the intercurrent Flood is paſt,
And the two furious Armies meet at laſt;
The Treacherous *Gaul* out-ſwells his Warlike Foe,
His Hopes from *Number*, not from *Nature*, flow;
Preſumptuous Odds new-kindle Valours Fire,
And Thirſt of Conqueſt quickens dead Deſire;
But fix'd, as Fate, th' intrepid *Britons* ſtand,
And bleed warm Streams, t'enrich the promis'd Land;

The

The Squadron's paſs'd, unmov'd, maintain their Ground,
And Deaths, twice told, retaliate ev'ry Wound;
While Seas of reaking Gore o'erſpread the Plain,
And rolling thence, the Rivers Surface ſtain;
That thoſe brave Souls, who later croſs the Flood,
Wade o'er to Vict'ry, through their Brothers Blood.

Force now meets Force, and Rage with Rage contends,
The ſtarting Sun his *ſhortned* Progreſs ends,
And, ſhock'd to meet ſuch Rays of unknown Light,
Flies from a *Rival*, and calls down the *Night*;
Deſcending Horror black Confuſion brings,
And o'er both Armies ſpreads her ſable Wings;
Beneath whoſe Curtain, War, and Fate agree,
To act ſuch Scenes of *Death*, as Day would faint to ſee.

Numbers, and Strength, a while bear Courage down,
And *Gallia*'s Arms with promis'd Fortune crown,
But *Britain*'s Sons, repell'd, refuſe to fly,
Their *Souls* unconquer'd, while their *Bodies* die;
And as with ev'ry Fall *Antæus* knew,
His riſing Strength to former Vigour grew;
The *Briton's*, ſo, untouch'd by Fear of Death,
To vaſt Advantage ſell their failing Breath;

For each Survivour, at his Fellow's Groan,
Snatches the fleeting Soul, to fortifie his own.

And as the dreadful *Batt'ring Rams* of old,
Whose Horns of Steel confining Braces hold,
Were forcibly drawn back with artful Might,
To gather Strength, and fix their Level right;
Till suddenly let fly, with thund'ring Sway,
They break down Tow'rs of Stone, and force their Way;
The *Briton's*, thus forc'd back by Odds, retire,
Not to *extinguish*, but *encrease* their Fire;
Till MARLBRO' sees th' expected Time draw nigh,
To let his *Batt'ring Rams* of *Britain* fly,
Then springing on before the Troops He led,
Concurring Members striking with their Head,
At one prodigious Shock the Banks gave Way,
Wherein the Source of *Gallia's* Fortune lay;
Thro' that wide Breach Wars rushing Billows roar,
And *drown* the *Lillies* they *produc'd* before,
Impetuous Seas of Blood united roll,
And *Deaths* tremendous Form consterns *Burgundia's Soul*,

Now, *Damon*, thus convinc'd, that *Floods* in vain
Defend a Prize, that MARLBRO' strives to gain,

What

What can resist, this Great, this Wondrous, Man?
Since *Rivers cannot*, see if *Mountains can.*
Look back, and o'er the left of yon bright Plain,
Give thy unclouded Eyes their Loose again;
See where the gath'ring Clouds a Curtain draw,
To skreen the bloody Fight, which first you saw;
A shining Beam of Light darts down between,
And opens to your View a glorious Scene.

Observe yon distant Town, close by whose Wall,
A tow'ring Precipice o'erlooks it all;
In whose near Neighbourhood, the loaded Plains,
Shine with the Arms, their wide Extent contains;
The Town is *Donnawert*, so known to Fame,
The Hill *that Schellenberg*, now an Immortal Name.

Whatever *Art*, or *Natures*, Strength can do,
United on that dreadful Mountain View,
So roughly steep, and yet so vastly high,
It seems some rugged Passage to the Sky.
What planted Files of frowning Warriors stand,
To guard the Brow of that forbidden Land!
What Groves of pointed Spears are seen from far!
How dreadful *here* appears the Face of War!

What Mouths of mounted Cannon vomit Fire!
Whoſe death-wing'd Flames bid preſſing Troops retire;
Such various Dangers *there* in Ambuſh lie,
That none dare *look* that Way, who dare not *die*.

Yet, ſpite of this, ſee, yonder Hoſt advance,
MARLBRO' comes on, hear *that*, and tremble *France*;
When *He* aſſaults, Walls interpoſe in vain,
He enters Tow'rs, o'er Hills of hoſtile ſlain;
The Fate of Nations, where He fights, gives way,
He beckons Vict'ry down, and Vict'ry *muſt* obey.

See, *Damon*, ſee, a bloody Storm's begun,
And Half the Hill, at one vaſt Effort won;
The Lamp of Day by Wars rough Tempeſt broke,
The Battle ſtraggles in a Night of Smoak;
The glitt'ring Scene, that *lately* wore ſuch Grace,
Thick Clouds of Duſt, and Show'rs of Blood, deface;
Britons on *Germans* lie, *Germans* on *Gauls*,
Gauls ſink with *Belgians*, *Vice* with *Virtue* falls:
Thoſe whom ſtrong Hate made *Foes*, while they drew
Friendly Embraces *reconcile* in Death. [Breath,
The *Gauls* grown weak with Wounds, and Wonder, reel,
And ſcarce *believe* the pond'rous Blows they *feel*;

Such

Such ſtrange Surprize their dying Murmurs own,
To find their Bulwark'd Fortune overthrown.

But ſee, the glorious *Britons*, bravely gay,
Againſt the Tide of Battel force their Way,
Till *living* Enemies no more make Head,
But leave defenſive Struggles to the *Dead*,
Whoſe trickling Blood bedewing all the Hill,
Doubles the *Britons* Task, the more they kill;
For while the Slipp'ry Ground beguiles their Tread,
The *ſlain* repulſe the Troops, from whom the *living* fled.

Thus in the gliding Courſe of one ſhort Day,
The tranſient State of Mortals ſlides away;
Till MARLBRO' came, his Foes ſecurely ſtood,
As, on ſome Mountain, ſtands a ſtately Wood,
Whoſe fibrous Roots grown deep 'twixt joining Rocks,
Safely defie Strong Tempeſts mighty Shocks;
No ſooner *He* arriv'd, than all gave Way,
So *ſmaller* Ends, the *greater* muſt obey.
And as ſome lab'ring Earthquake loudly breaks
Rocks, Hills, and Dales, and ev'n the Center ſhakes;
So burſts He Mountains, with reſiſtleſs Eaſe,
And rends thoſe craggy *Depths*, to reach their rooted *Trees*.

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And rends thoſe craggy *Depths*, to reach their rooted *Trees*.

Their *Genius* abſent, *Britain* yields to Odds,
As once the *Giants* overpower'd the *Gods*;
Till *Jove*, great Leader of the Heavenly Bands,
Darting keen Lightning from his radiant Hands,
Flaſh'd Rays of Horror in the Rebels Face,
And thunder'd ſwift Deſtruction on their Race;
Check'd their audacious Strength, and chain'd 'em down,
Beneath thoſe pond'rous *Hills*, they late 'gainſt *Heaven* had [thrown.

But ſee! thoſe Pow'rs, which guide the Fate of *France*,
Have tempted Ruin to a *freſh* Advance;
Cloſe on the Purple Verge of yon bright Plain,
Still reaking with the Blood of Crowds *juſt ſlain*,
What Mounts of Death with griſly Terror riſe,
As if Deſtruction's Hand, wou'd graſp the Skies!
Each purling Stream ſeems *there* a ſtagnate Flood,
And flow'ry Sweets lie choak'd in Cakes of Blood;
Each Field of Paſture, each unſhadow'd Plain,
Is hid by ſcatter'd Arms, and Loads of Slain;
Fell'd Woods of Oak, their maſſy Trunks extend,
But fail, alas! their *Fellers* to defend;
Each *Savage* Beaſt, rous'd from his ruin'd Den;
Haſtes to take Vengeance on *more Savage* Men;

But ſhock'd, to find his Rage out-done by Man,
Flies from thoſe Acts of Death, *to* which he *ran.*

There, *Damon*, on a Day but lately paſt,
A Day, of *Gallia*'s broken Hope the laſt;
The Guardian *Genius* of that ſinking Land,
Tempted the doubting *Gauls* to make a ſtand;
Degenerate Sons, with Pleaſure ſee, ſhe cry'd,
The long-wiſh'd Period of your Rival's Pride,
Thoſe *dauntleſs Troops*, which Mountain, Stream, and Plain,
Heat, Cold, and Hunger have oppos'd in vain;
Who over Caves of Death intrepid fly,
And, 'gainſt reluctant Nature, ſtrive to dy;
Thoſe dreaded Arms, that batter'd *Tournay*'s Wall,
Shall, aiming to riſe high'r, from Glory fall;
Here my reſiſtleſs Art has caſt her Net,
On this propitious Plain my Toils are ſet,
Ages to come ſhall ſay, here Woods prevail'd,
Woods ſhall ſucceed, where *Towns* and *Mountains* fail'd;
On either ſide this Plain the Groves I'll fill,
The Shades, that us'd to *ſave*, ſhall learn to *kill*;
And leſt, ev'n thus, we ſmall Advantage gain,
Fell Trees, dig Trenches, fortifie the Plain;
So ſhall the utmoſt Aids of *Art* unite,
And all the Helps of *Nature* for us Fight;

Yet

Yet will our Foe, ſo well I know his Pride,
Raſhly attack our Troops, thus fortify'd;
So, while ſecurely *we* draw guarded Breath,
Each Inch of Ground, *they* gain, ſhall coſt a Death;
She ſaid; and ſtrait to Arms the Squadrons run,
All ſhe adviſ'd, and more, was ſtrongly done.

Britannia's Sons unskill'd in Doubt, or Fear,
By MARLBRO' led, in graceful Lines appear;
They ſee their Foes Advantage, and deſpiſe,
A Strength, that not in *Souls*, but *Trenches* lies:
Fir'd with Diſdain, they Storm th' embattled Grounds,
Mow Woods, and Squadrons, with promiſcuous *Wounds*;
Till *France*, like dying Lights, enrag'd at length,
In one ſhort Blaze exerting double ſtrength,
A *Britiſh* Line, diſorder'd, now begun
To quit the Ground, which ſuch vaſt Danger won;
This MARLBRO' ſaw, and to their Succour flew,
The Fate of War obey'd the Sword he drew;
By him inſpir'd, the fainting Troops return,
The guilty Woods in Flames of Sulphur burn;
Thoſe, they late ſhelter'd, now they cauſe to die,
They cannot *ſave* their Friends, nor let them *fly*:
The *Gallic* Troops give Way, their Foes advance,
And with the *flying Gauls*, then *fled* the Hopes of *France*.

But

But ſatiate now with Scenes of Blood, and Death,
Relax Attention, and give Wonder Breath;
For e'er high Heav'n permits yon Scenes to cloſe,
Where MARLBRO's *Groves of Laurel* ſhade his Foes,
Thy Eyes ſhall feaſt on ſuch a Scheme of Fate,
As *crowns* tumultuous *War*, with more than common State.

Thy ſparkling Eyes with Pleaſure ſeem to roll,
Has Truth then made a Convert of thy Soul?
Oh! yes, I ſee the Clouds of Errour break,
And all thy Native Innocence awake;
The Light of Reaſon *now* begins to Shine,
And Judgment long eclips'd, grows Beamy and Divine.

May Heaven, that often hears my *Damon* pray,
Aſſiſt, and guide, him, ſafely on his Way;
That envy's Snares, and Miſchief's wily Train,
May, known, and ſhun'd, plant Ambuſcades in vain:
But that my weak Endeavours may not fail
To make the Juſtice of my Cauſe prevail,
Say, honeſt faithful *Friend*, ſincerely ſay,
What further Barrs obſtruct thy pointed Way?
Has the *laſt* Refuge of malicious Hate,
The baſeſt, weakeſt, Prop, of Envy's State;

Taught, *Damon*, with the *Vulgar Few* to cry,
MARLBRO' did Wonders, true; but was not EUGENE by?
If thou art ſtain'd with this deſpis'd Miſtake,
When will the Chain of human Frailties break?
What in *another* wou'd but pitied be,
Swells *Pity* into *Grief*, when found in *thee*;
Therefore, once more, look up, and read above,
Our HERO triumphs in Celeſtial Love;
Then know, that as the Moon, and Starrs, are bright,
Yet loſe their Luſtre, with the Morning Light,
So MARLBRO' *abſent*, FOREIGN WORTH ſhines clear,
But in *Conjuction*, muſt *eclips'd* appear.

See on the Surface of that ſhining Plain,
The Work of Ages done in one Campaign.

See, how the kindly Warmth of riſing Spring,
Invites the war'bling Nightingale to Sing!
New bloſſom'd Trees diffuſive Odours ſpread,
And each rough Mountain wears a flow'ry Head;
The fragrant Bloom in ev'ry Meadow ſeen,
Paints *Natures Store-houſe*, with a lively Green;
Trumpets ſhrill Notes in haſty Diſcords jarr,
And thund'ring Drums awake the ſleeping War:

The ſlumbring Soldier, rous'd by lov'd Alarms,
New-bends his ſlackned Nerves, and ſtarts to Arms;
The foaming Courſers Hoofs the Vallies beat,
And Mountains roar beneath their trampling Feet;
Contending Nations meet in Martial State,
And Earth's gor'd Surface trembles with their Weight;
O'er Worlds of War the *doubtful* Sun declines,
And burniſh'd Death in dazling Luſtre Shines;
But quits his bright Diſguiſe, enrag'd again,
And, *drunk* with Slaughter, lies, on fam'd *Ramillia*'s Plain.

Extended wide in horrible Array,
Behind ſtrong Banks, the *Gallic* Squadrons lay;
Their poſted Troops large Villages immure,
And *Art* and *Nature* ſpeak their Camp ſecure;
But *this* too little ſeems, for well they know,
The far *Superiour* Courage of their Foe;
And thence reſolv'd ſure Conqueſt to purſue,
Arm their *Superiour* Troops with Four to Two.

But now, miſtaken *Damon*, now grow juſt,
See, in yon diſtant Cloud of riſing Duſt,
MARLBRO', *unaided*, marches o'er the Plain,
The *Head*, the *Hand*, the *Heart* of all his Train,

Say

Say *now* what *Rival* does his Councils guide,
What *Forreign Chief* gives Orders by his ſide;
Alone, He rules the Wonders of the Day,
Alone deſerving, and *poſſeſſing*, Sway.

Unuſual Smiles his rapid Tranſports own,
To ſee that *France* dares ſtill be overthrown;
Reſolv'd to ſtrike their preſent Heat of Mind,
He preſſes forward, like the Northern Wind;
Whoſe Stormy Rage, with unexpected Gales,
Meets, and o'erturns, ſuch Ships, as bear too pond'rous Sails.

The gazing *Gauls*, as rich, in *Hopes*, as *He*,
Can ſcarce believe the March, they wiſh'd to ſee;
With wondrous Speed to ready Arms they riſe,
Half doubting, Fancy has deceiv'd their Eyes;
But BRITAIN'S CHIEF who never yet ſaw Foe,
'Gainſt whoſe Superiour Force, He fear'd to go,
Spurrs to the Battel, in ſo ſwift a Race,
That Vict'ry ſtrains her Wings, to fly his Pace;
Till both tranſported Armies now drawn nigh,
With Peals of Clam'rous Shouts, wide rend the jarring *Sky*.

Oh! what but an Immortal Pen can write,
The more than Mortal Fury of that Fight;

Nation

Nation 'gainſt Nation bent, the World divide,
States are by States, and Crowns by Crowns defy'd;
High in the Wind unnumber'd Thouſands ſpread,
Lillies, by Blood of conquer'd Kingdoms, red;
And all the Strength, and Soul, of mighty *France*,
Beneath thoſe Standards *dreadfully* advance.

'Gainſt theſe, the *Guards of Liberty* are led,
And MARLBRO' *her Protector* at their Head;
With him, *Subſervient* Princes march from far,
To hook the great *Leviathan* of War;
Each Chief inſtructing each brave Soul he brings,
What Ills Earth ſuffers from tyrannic *Kings*,
And what vaſt Plumes of Honour crown the Brave,
How *Great* to *conquer* 'tis, how *Good* to *ſave*;
Each private Soldier ſwells his Aim ſo high,
He vows to *triumph*, or reſolves to *die*;
And fights, as if in his ſole Valour lay,
The *good*, or *evil*, Turn, of that important Day.

If e're they meet, ſuch ſtormy Signs we ſee,
What muſt the Tempeſt of the Battle be!
Thou *Muſe*, whoſe *Helicon* is human Gore,
Whoſe Voice, like that of thund'ring *Mars*, can roar;

To whom the Rage of Ruin gives Delights,
Who lov'ſt to ſing of Dangers, Deaths, and Fights;
Do thou inſpire me with *tonitruous* Lays,
And make *my Pen* the *Trumpet* of *their Praiſe.*

The merry Morning ſmiles to bleſs the Day,
For on her riſing Forehead's *Silver* Ray
The Sun beſtow'd a Coronet of *Gold,*
As, thro' her Cryſtal Gates, his Chariot roll'd,
And Heaven, that never frowns on MARLBRO's Aim,
Diſſolves all Clouds that might eclipſe his Fame;
That *Angels* ſo, thro' Rays of *ſpotleſs* Light,
Might ſee the MICHAEL of our Armies fight.

See! ev'ry Soldier in each Troop prepares,
To uſe, with Rage, the dreadful Arms he bears;
Looſe in the Wind, their curling Enſigns play,
Whoſe various Colours paint the dawning Day;
Their glitt'ring Swords in threat'ning Luſtre move,
And ſhoot up Rays of Light, 'gainſt thoſe above;
The ſtamping Horſes foam with keen Deſire,
Snort, turn, career, bound forward, and retire,
Neigh loud, and fill the Plains with Smoak, and Fire.
In this bright Proſpect, *Horror's ſelf* looks fair,
And while Wars Muſick thunders thro' the Air,

Tranſporting

Transporting Pleasures on shrill *Echo's* rise,
And, spight of Fear, lift *Mortals* to the Skies.

The *British* Trumpets sound the bloody Call,
The *Gauls* undaunted, rise, but *rise* to *fall*;
Both furious Armies swift together run,
Eager to see their horrid Work begun;
The Land, whose Space divided them before,
Is vanish'd with a Thought, and seen no more;
Their meeting Force, like *Earthquakes*, shakes the Ground,
Cities, and Mountains, Plains, and Woods, resound;
Earth scarce contains their Rage, each Blow *now* giv'n,
Rings thro' the echoing Skies, and knocks at *Heav'n*;
Augusta feels, and triumphs at the Blow,
Vienna thence hopes Vengeance on her Foe;
Hague sounds *Victoria* to her mighty *States*,
And *Paris* trembles thro' her Marble Gates.

But as when Clouds, against each other bent,
Burst as they meet, by Peals of Thunder rent,
Then rain new Seas, where Oceans flow'd before,
Or pour down Tempests on the rocky Shore;
Each wounded Host so rains a Purple Flood,
And drowns the flow'ry Plain in Seas of Human Blood.

The

The Battel ſoon grows leſs, yet ſeems not ſmall,
Rage will not die, tho' ſlaughter'd Thouſands fall;
Their reeking Swords become *Death's Scythes*, and mow,
The thickeſt *Harveſt*, War had e'er ſeen grow;
All vow to win, what *none* conſent to yield,
And Fortune in a *Vizard* treads the Field;
Dead by their Lords the faithful Horſes lie,
Here Friends with Friends, and Foes with Foes *there die*;
The *kill'd* juſt fall'n, down falls the *Killer* too,
The Victor cloſe by him he lately ſlew;
The Arms, which in the *Onſet* ſhone ſo bright,
Here looſe their Luſtre, and grow dim by Fight;
Enlarg'd Deſtruction *now* exalts her Reign,
And triumphs widely o'er *Judonia*'s Plain;
The *widow'd Ramelies* weeps Tears of Blood,
Till ev'ry ruſtic Floor becomes a Flood,
Round which the murder'd Owner ſwims in *Gore*,
Where he had often ſwam in *Wine* before;
The haughty Chiefs, of late ſo proudly gay,
Hear Death's ſhrill Call, but murmur to obey,
And dying, gnaw them *Graves*, thro' lukewarm *Blood* and [*Clay*.

But while the lawleſs Battle rages wide,
And *Nature* fails to ſtem Deſtructions Tide;

The *Primum Mobile* of that great Day,
The *God-like* MARLBRO' teaches *Art* the Way;
Thro' ev'ry File, with heavenly Mien he rides,
And each ambiguous Caſe of *War* decides;
Such is his Look, ſuch Force has ev'ry *Word*,
That Conqueſt crowns his *Face*, his *Voice*, his *Sword*;
The Rayous Smiles of *Heaven* adorn his Face,
And gild his Perſon with a double Grace;
Youth's gay Vermilion Beams reſume their Light,
For *He*'s but *Old* in *Council*, *Young* in *Fight*;
Something *Divine* in his Appearance ſhon,
Which guided *Slaughter* right, and drove ſlow Vict'ry on.

At *His* Approach the cloſeſt Ranks give Way,
As Foggs diſperſe before the Heat of Day;
Before *His* Sword whole Troops and Squadrons fly,
Like Duſt in Deſarts when the Wind blows high;
Where e're *He* comes, the Fight, untaught before,
Makes Valour ſweat, and lab'ring War grow ſore;
Retreating Troops alone can Safety find,
For ſuch want Fire, to heat *His* gen'rous Mind;
But where firm Strength provokes *His* dang'rous Rage,
And equal Numbers raſhly dare engage,
Ruin rides Poſt, to overtake his Will,
And Death ſtrikes ſlower, than his Wiſhes kill.

The boundleſs Ocean thus, when Tempeſts riſe,
And ſwell his angry Surges to the Skies,
With bridled Rage drives Billows ſmoothly on,
Where Water meets no Rocks to daſh upon;
But when his ſtormy Waves invade the Shore,
And bulwark'd Lands repell his dreadful Roar,
He frowns, ſwells, ſpits at Heav'n, and knows no Bound,
But o'er the Tops of Mountains, ſtrikes the Ground.

Where MARLBRO' rides, his fainting Troops prevail,
And Fortune waits *his* Nod, to turn *her* Scale;
The Rage of Battel fails to ſhake his Mind,
His ſwift-wing'd *Judgment* leaves *Concern* behind,
Bravely regardleſs of his *ſingle* Fate,
He only aims, to ſave, and build, the *State*;
And unconcern'd, lets Bullets paſs his Breaſt,
And miſs that Mark, to which they were addreſt;
While Cannons roar to ſtop his fatal Breath,
His Horſes intercept their Riders Death,
And Danger, failing in her dire Deſign,
Miſtakes his *Human* Nature, for *Divine*.

With ſettled Conduct, and untroubled Soul,
He ſees the Waves of Blood, and Ruin roll;

And, as wiſe *Pilots* in tempeſtuous Seas,
Steer their wave-beaten Veſſel, as they pleaſe,
And on the open Deck expos'd remain,
'Midſt Thunder, Lightning, Hail, and Storms of Rain;
To ſpy out Rocks, and give their Ship full Scope,
Now, haling this, and then, the other Rope;
Till by their wond'rous Art, the *Land* they gain,
Thro' all the Rage, and Horrors, of the *Main*;
Our glorious *Hero* thus, more skilful far,
Steers the daſh'd Battel thro' the Storms of War;
Careleſs, of nothing, but Himſelf, He ſtands,
Inſtructing, and protecting, all his Bands;
Till Dangers Rocks, and Whirlpools, ſafely paſt,
He ſees, and makes, to Vict'rys Port, at laſt.

Till now, He hop'd to win th' important Day,
And Triumph over *France* his *uſual* Way,
But He had fought, obſerv'd by Foes ſo long,
That *imitating Him*, they grew more ſtrong;
The ſtarting *Chief* ſurpriz'd, and griev'd, to find,
His Worth produce Effects, ſo undeſign'd,
Since beaten Paths of War wou'd fail to win,
Opens new Sluices, to let Conqueſt in;
For not remembring that *Europa*'s Fate,
Depended, on *his ſafe*, or *ruin'd* State;

He

He ruſhes on thro' all the Rage of War,
Burſts ev'ry Lett, and breaks thro' ev'ry Barr;
Till his ſtrong Sword, at one prodigious Blow,
Reſcues the captiv'd World, and quells his mighty Foe.

Thus when the great *Creator* of the Earth,
Wou'd drown that *World*, to which *He* firſt gave *Birth*;
Commiſſion'd Storms of Rain ruſh down from high,
Thro' the wide Sluices of the clouded Sky,
But while without Effect thoſe Waters fall,
And only *waſh* the *Surface* of the *Ball*,
Heaven's mighty Voice, in dreadful Accents ſpoke,
The vaſt Abyſs loud Peals of Thunder broke;
Impriſon'd Seas impetuous Paſſage found,
And roll'd a *liquid Ruin* o'er the Ground;
The Roots of Mountains from their Seats are torn,
And floating Iſlands on high Billows born;
Lightnings keen Flaſhes ſwiftly downward fly,
And rattling Thunder cracks the trembling Sky;
From frowning *Heaven*, each dreadful Plague is hurl'd,
And Nature groaning quits the delug'd *World*.

I *end* unpleas'd, as I unfit *began*,
For *Heav'n*, not *Earth*, ſhou'd ſhew the *God-like* Man;
And, *Damon*, if with too much Warmth I've ſpoke,
Think not that Friendſhip's Ties can thence be broke;
'Tis not *your ſelf*, but *your Miſtakes*, I blame,
Too apt to graſp the Calumnies of Fame;
Sincere Affection ſwells my zealous Lays,
Beyond the ſcanty Pitch of mod'rate Praiſe;
For he, who praiſing MARLBRO's Deeds knows Bounds,
Returns by *Scruples*, what he takes by *Pounds*.

Encomium here her *Diamond-Wings* might ſpread,
O'er the bright *Conſort* of the HERO's Bed;
My *Muſe* might change her *thund'ring* Notes, and move,
From conſtant *Fortune*, to more conſtant *Love*.
My Pencil *here*, might draw a ſofter Scheme,
Where *Beauty*, *Wit*, and *Youth* ſhou'd grace my Theme;
For having trac'd the *Father's* Glorious Fate,
I could deſcribe the *Daughters* dazling State;
But all thoſe *Courtly* Duties I forbear,
As not becoming the grave Robes I wear;
And Truths that *are*, and *muſt remain* ſo ſure,
That 'twould but be affirming, *Heaven is pure*.

Beſides, tho' all my feeble Efforts fail,
To paint that Sea, wherein his Glories ſail;
And *praiſing* him, I wrong that *Praiſe* as far,
As *Glow-worms* Light ſhines dim, beneath a *Star*:
Yet is his Matchleſs Modeſty ſo Great,
That, bending under his vaſt Merit's Weight,
He *claims* no Worth, yet *dazles* all Mankind,
Like blazing Fires, to their *own* Brightneſs *blind*.

And now, dear Friend, my Promiſe thus diſcharg'd,
Oh! may thy fetter'd Judgment be enlarg'd;
May Heav'n ſo bleſs the hearty Means I uſe,
That you may *taſte* the Glories you *peruſe*;
And, loving MARLBRO', as the World *ſhou'd* do,
Grow both a *Convert*, and a *Patriot* too.

Then, *Damon*, when this previous Work is done,
Knowing the *Father*, learn, to miſs the *Son*;
Pity the ſad *Britannia*'s clouded Fate,
Robb'd of the hopefull'ſt Pillar of her State;
What MARLBRO' *was*, and *is*, with Wonder, ſeen,
Shews what the bury'd BLANDFORD *wou'd* have been.

The

The Force of Cuſtom, when we greet a Friend,
Now guides my tedious Letter to an End;
But Streams of Zeal from warm Affection flow,
And, if I think of Ending, tell me, No.
Yet hear me, Sacred *Muſe*, who didſt inſpire
The raging Heat of my ungovern'd Fire,
Conſent, that now my Fancy take her Reſt,
And warm with ſecret Flames, my Loyal Breaſt;
But if the World ſhall ſo ungrateful prove,
To fail the Tribute due to MARLBRO's *Love*,
And no far abler *Bard*, in *Epic Lays*,
Tranſmit to *future* Times, the *Hero*'s Praiſe;
Then ſhall my Prayers addreſs themſelves to thee,
Then gracious *Muſe*, Vouchſafe to ſmile on *me*;
So ſhall the Tuneful Strains of *Homer*'s Lyre,
And *Virgil's* Lofty and Majeſtic Fire,
Thus yield, at leaſt, to what, I *then* rehearſe,
Their Verſe excel'd their *Theme*, *my Theme* excels my *Verſe*.

FINIS.

II

The Force of Custom, when we greet a Friend,
Now guides my tedious Letter to an End;
But Streams of Zeal from warm Affection flow,
And, if I think of Ending, tell me, No.
Yet hear me, Sacred Muſe, who didſt inſpire
The raging Heat of my unguvern'd Fire,
Content, that now my Fancy take her Reſt,
And warm with ſecret Flames, my loyal Breaſt;
But if the World ſhall to ungrateful prove,
To fail the Tribute due to MARIA's Love,
And no far abler Bard, in Epic Lays,
Tranſmit to future Times the Hero's Praiſe,
Then ſhall my Prayers ſad Deeds themſelves to thee,
Then gracious Muſe, Vouchſafe to ſmile on me;
So ſhall the Tuneful Strains of Homer's Lyre,
And Virgil's Lofty and Majeſtic Fire,
Thou yield at leaſt, to what, I then rehearſe,
Their Verſe excell'd their Theme, my Theme excelling Verſe.

FINIS.